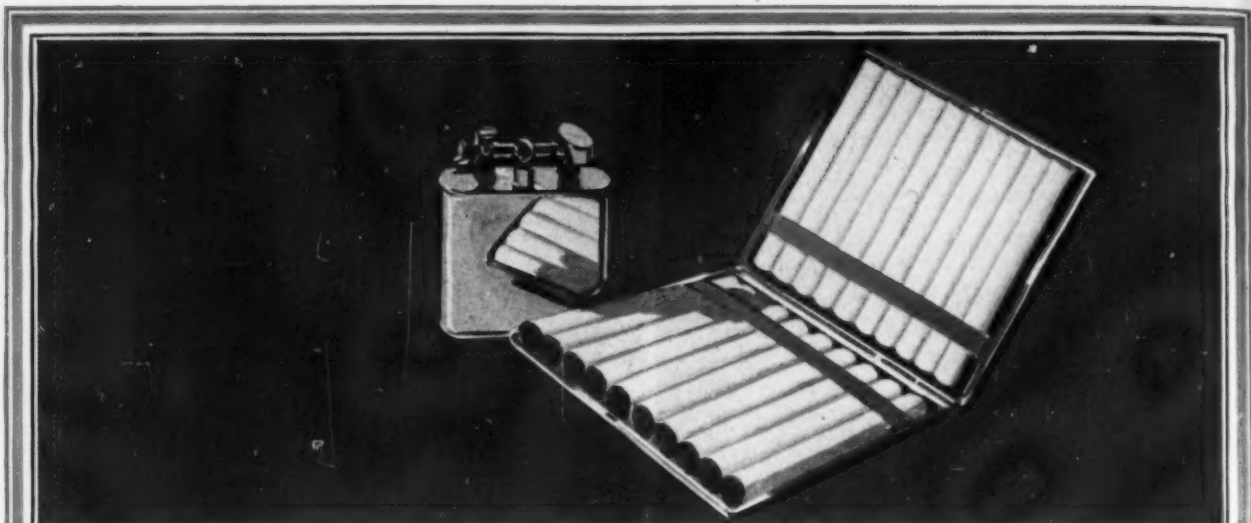


# Life

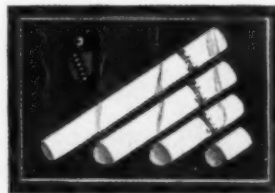
January 24, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS





**T**O transfer Raleigh from its own clever packet to a social contrivance of irreproachable gold will not improve the blended flavor of the cigarette . . it would not startle Raleigh, who was born something of an aristocrat ; it will probably not protect the cigarettes' plump, smooth freshness quite as well as Raleigh's own case. . . However, stone walls *do not* a prison make, nor golden cases a *perfect* even smoke. *Transfer it, if you like.*



*Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation*  
LOUISVILLE . . KENTUCKY





January 24, 1930

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## Mr. Hoover's Blind Spot

Mr. Hoover practices arduously to put salt on the tail of prosperity.

But why worry? Henry Ford and the Drys are sure that Prohibition is the corner stone of our prosperity and we still have Prohibition, and the President in his message plans and hopes for better enforcement of it.

Our President seems to think that one law is just as good as another; that a fool amendment of the Constitution takes on all the sanctity as well as the police power of that instrument and should have a moral appeal to all of us. Mr. Hoover is a good man and very competent about some things, but there are blind spots in his mind and one of them interferes with his comprehension of law. It is a case that fits in with remarks of Prof. Kretschmer of Germany at the recent meeting of the psychiatrists: "Any sharply defined special talent tends to produce experts with a decided lack of understanding of things outside their own field." —E. S. Martin.

The microphone is a wonderful invention and all that, but it would be an even more wonderful one if it could keep a lot it hears to itself.

A man must have imagination to eat a good dinner and turn on the radio and stretch out on a comfortable couch and open his newspaper and start fretting about conditions in China.

THE PHOENIX  
INSURANCE



MUTUAL LIFE  
COMPANY

## announces a new RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.

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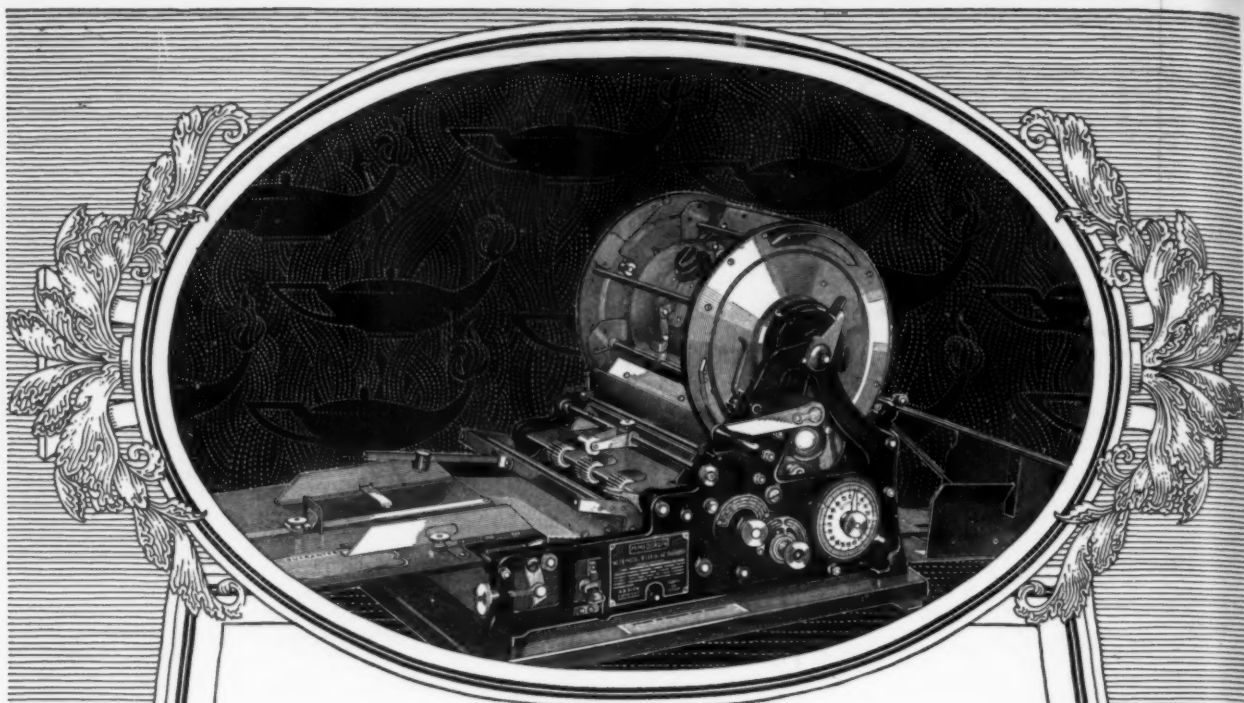
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RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

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Your date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth of Beneficiary \_\_\_\_\_

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## NEW YEAR LIGHT

The new year means little or nothing if it does not bring new ideas. There are many business and educational institutions in America that are not getting needed help from the Mimeograph and thereby are neglecting the opportunity to make telling use of thousands of new ideas—for immediate profit. The unrivalled ability of this clever device to establish speedy communication, by the exact duplication of letters, forms, sketches, maps, diagrams, questionnaires, etc., enables it to reach out for new markets and strengthen organizations. Almost as quickly as an idea is conceived it can be typed on the stencil sheet and nicely duplicated in unlimited thousands. The Mimeograph needs no experience to handle. It assures privacy. It operates at a very low cost. It is an idea disseminator. Write today for full particulars, which are almost sure to bring you new ideas about your business, from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or from branch office in any principal city.

# M I M E O G R A P H





# Life



Disarmament begins at home!  
"Street Scene."



"Soitintly that's real free-hand sketch woik!"

### Eliza and the Ice Man

Eliza was engaged to wed  
An ice man bold and burly,  
For he had ways Eliza liked;  
Besides, his hair was curly.

But when she met the janitor  
He seemed like such a nice man,  
Eliza ran away with him  
And double crossed the ice man!  
—Dalnar Devening.

Mrs. Longworth and Mrs. Gann are still at it. Maybe we're a little violent-minded, but we'd kind of like to see those two girls get together some time at a bargain counter.



BLOTTO: Is this a 15 and 5?

### Scott Shots

How to make prosperity come true—just spend all your money, and then the people who get it will be prosperous.

We'd like to see a Girl Scout grow up to be a woman driver and do one good left turn a day.

New York night life is mostly wine, women and aspirin.

Sayings of a taxi driver—On with the dents.

Our girl says that it's better to have heard Rudy Vallée than never to have loved at all.

An up-to-date Uncle Tom's Cabin would have Eliza crossing the street.

You can always surprise your friends by getting married, and then once again by staying married.

Height of futility—The elephant who went away to forget.

Near beer is bad enough, but near alcohol is worse.

Social climbers used to try to break into Newport society, but now they just try to break into the advertising pages.

Very few people are as broad-minded as we think we are.

Sometimes reading maketh a fool man.

—W. W. Scott.

## A Plane Tale

The passenger plane from Detroit swooped to the ground. Hardly had it come to a stop when an agitated woman dashed out of a door in the fuselage and rushed to the office of the landing field manager.

"I wish to register a complaint against my pilot," she said. "I engaged him at Detroit for a fast, direct trip to New York. Imagine my astonishment when he turned his plane due west and flew as far as Denver. After hovering over Denver for a few minutes, he headed toward New Orleans. No sooner had he arrived at New Orleans than he returned to Denver, from where, after several detours, he finally reached here. It's an outrage, sir. I am determined he wished to kill me. I shall report—"

"There, there, lady," smiled the genial airport manager. "Don't get worried about Ace Harmon. He's one of the safest pilots in our employ. Only it's a little hard to break him of some of his old habits. You see, lady, before coming to us to drive an aeroplane, he drove a taxicab in New York."

—A. L. L.

Conditions are better this winter than they were last winter. You can slip on the ice now without everyone saying: "He faw down and go boom."



"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience."

## Economic Note

A necessity is something you can go without in order to make a down payment on a luxury.

Radio repairmen could diagnose the trouble more easily if a set could tell them where the pain is.

## It Sims To Me

Sometimes I wish I enjoyed classical music, because I hear so much of it.

An auto fender never seems to learn from experience.

Motor busses are being built so large now that I wouldn't be surprised if I was standing in the Woolworth Building and it suddenly started off down the street.

See if you can say "Thank you" without smiling. It's hard to do. But a druggist handing out a prescription he has filled never fails to do so.

If you lose your temper and say things to people, and fume and fret and everything, you won't be a nice old gentleman when you get old.

You'll agree that a drug store clerk is poorly paid when you stop to consider that daily he faces the danger of dropping a doughnut on his foot.

Among the things that look better in a dim light is the electric bill.

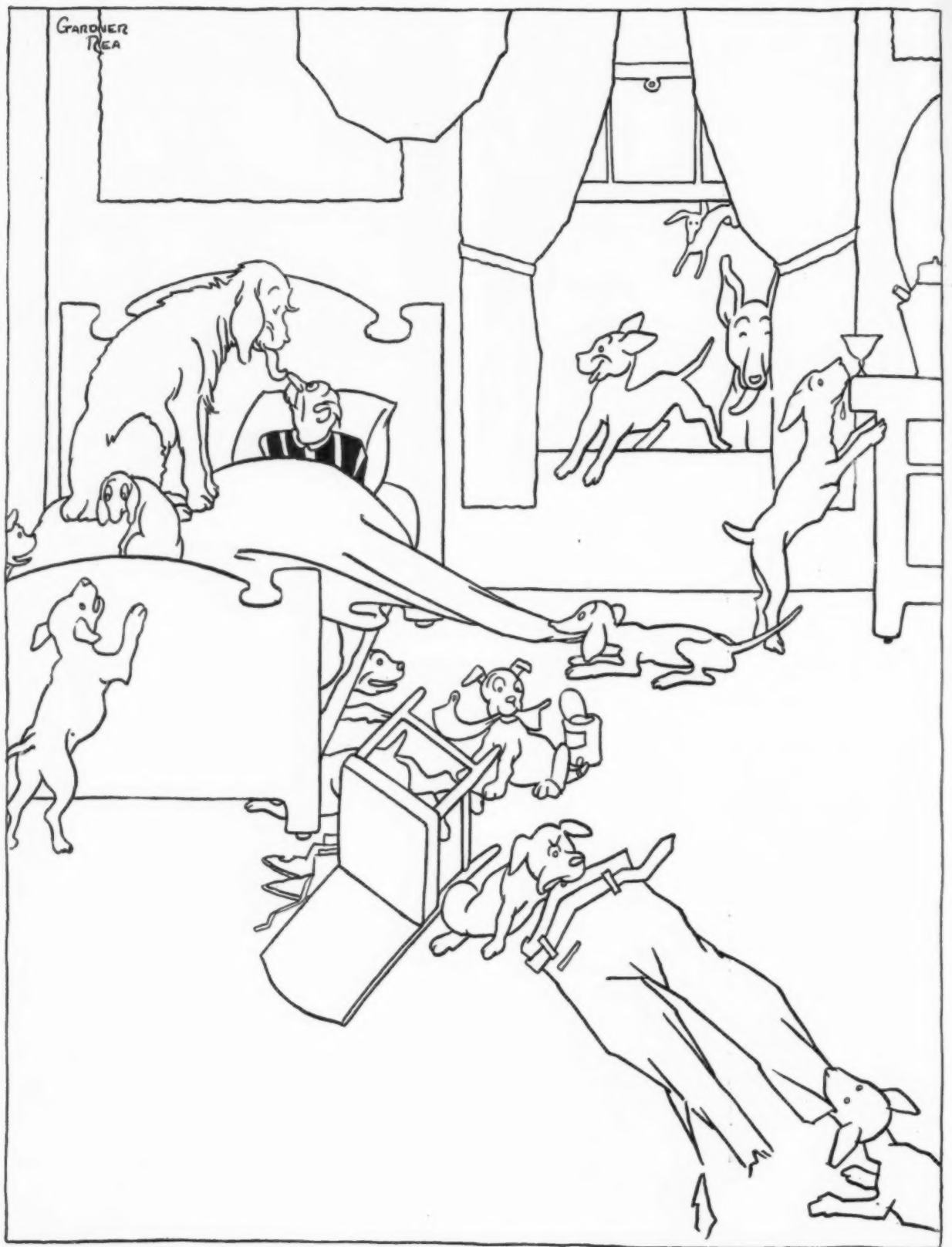
Long skirts are just propaganda to make the nation air minded.

—Tom Sims.



"No, it was probably a million years before we progressed that far in development."





*The man who whistled in his sleep.*



*"Egbert, leave this house! Say! What's the rush, anyhow?"*

### Fantasy

Mr. Jones came home that evening in a state of very obvious excitement. He found his wife sitting in the parlor waiting for him.

"What do you think has happened?" he asked her excitedly.

"I can't imagine," she said, looking at him suspiciously.

"Well, believe it or not," Mr. Jones said, "but I stopped in at the Orpheum Theatre to get tickets for that new play that's opening this week. The man at the window—I know you won't believe this—the man at the window asked me where I should most prefer to sit. Then he showed me a diagram of the house and exactly where the available seats were. After I paid him he said 'Thank You' and—"

Mrs. Jones' face had grown stern.

"John Jones!" she said. "You've been drinking again!" —A. S.

Dumb Dora tells us she can't understand why her date pudding was a failure unless it's because she put in a 1929 calendar.

A personal letter sometimes reaches you with all the marks of having been carried a few days before it was mailed, but a bill never does.



*"W-a-a-h!! He stole my animal cracker!"*

### Great American Institutions

Stawk Markets  
Presdent's Cabnet  
Sentorial and  
Congreshnul Investigayshuns



*"Isn't it nice, Freddy, to have th' floor all to ourselves?"*



# Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

## Big Hearted Bramley

SMITH, ever since he had to swallow with grace the bitter pill of handing out a nice job to his son, had been sore mug. When he and his wife and Nancy arrived at Palm Beach and moved into the great house overlooking the lake he was sore mug. When he and Nancy went to dine with Bramley of the Palm Court Casino a few nights after their arrival he was still sore mug. He liked Bramley, but when Bramley greeted him with "Hello, Robert, hear you made your son manager of your Havana Sugar Company," he answered with "Hurr, you bet I did, Big Hearted Bramley."

Bramley winced. Smith had dubbed him that the year before after the painful incident of the girl who came to him in tears, told him she was a widow who had come to Palm Beach to try and marry well enough to take care of her baby daughter and had lost every nickel of her small store at the Palm Court Roulette tables. Bramley had given her five thousand dollars and had learned the next day that she had never even been inside the gaming room. The nickname had stuck to him and the story had travelled the length and breadth of the land for the rest of the season. Lately it had been forgotten. Now Rob Smith had to dig it up again.

Bramley said, "Come on in, Rob, and enjoy your dinner and I hope you lose your shirt at the tables."

"Hurr!" said Smith. "If I do, nice ol' Big Hearted Bramley'll give me five thousand to raise my little girl on, won't he?"

Bramley laughed. He said, "I wouldn't give you a new shirt," and they went through the deserted gaming rooms to Bramley's apartments.

At dinner Bramley fell silent. A plan was buzzing around in his head. Since they had sat down, no less than six people had applied

his dreadful sobriquet. To a gambler who prides himself on the high stakes won and lost over his tables and his own hard-boiled attitude, it was insufferable.

Smith, down at the end of the table, had suggested making him president of the Charity Bazaar. It had been the last straw. Bramley made up his mind to get even, if it was the last thing he ever did.

When the coffee and liqueurs had been buttoned up and Smith, who always left for the tables first, had taken himself off, Bramley called his guests around him. They gathered expectantly.

"Nancy," he said, "I have a plan. You don't mind if I get back at your old man for that Big Hearted stuff, do you?"

Nancy, who had been dandled on Bramley's knee when she was a baby, saw his eyes were twinkling. She said, "I should mind. I'd love to have one

on him. Maybe he'd make me manager of something."

"Listen," said Bramley. "We'll let your old man win five thousand. Then I'll get my niece, Jelma—I don't think he'll remember her—to wait for him just inside the gate when he goes home. If I know Jelma she can cry that five thousand out of him in two minutes. I'll wait outside the gate and bring him back here for a bottle of the best. When he comes into the room, here's Jelma counting the money. I think I rate it, don't you?"

"Sure," said Nancy. "What happens if he keeps the five thousand?"

"We'll bring him back anyway. It would be worth five thousand to him to have me have to tell him the truth."

Smith was enjoying himself. He had only been playing for half an hour and had twice seen the little white ball settle into the number of his choice. Then, too, there was a very pretty woman beside him. Every time he

(Continued on Page 26)



*A moment ago he was bursting with joie de vivre.*



*"You lazy good-for-nothing! You haven't done a day's work since you made that million—everybody else is getting rich!"*

### Anagrins

*Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.*

- ✓ (1) Scramble *creel* with a *y* and get something appetizing.
- ✓ (2) Scramble *tamer* with a *k* and get something that's tamer now.
- ✓ (3) Scramble *radish* with a *g* and get something at the other end of the meal.
- ✓ (4) Scramble *routes* with an *r* and get a sign of manhood.
- ✓ (5) Scramble *bluer* with a *g* and get an army alarm clock.
- ✓ (6) Scramble *manly* with an *h* and get something in church.

*Answers on page 31*

Everything in life eventually adjusts itself, except a bow tie.

You can strike a match to rye and tell by the flame if the stuff is good or not, but it really doesn't matter because you are going to drink it anyway.

Now and then you tune in on a station where the announcer seems to think the orchestra plays between his announcements.



*"Beginnin' to look his age, ain't he?"*



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

JANUARY 1—Early up and at my scrivining, with such poor success that I could not put down one little word after another, which is really all there is to writing, as the city editor told the cub reporter who was at such pains to commence his story, so fell to thinking I had better set up straightway as a fortune teller, which I have always planned to do upon forsaking literary paths. Put some of our new "Sweet Adeline" records upon the gramophone, and why, amongst all the footless legislation with which we are afflicted, there is no statute requiring singers to keep the time wrote down by the composer, is beyond me. The cabinet in Washington would do well, methinks, to include a secretary of aesthetics, provided the portfolio did not go to somebody like Will Hays. My own candidate would be George Santayana, whose nomination would insure that all good Harvard men would come to the aid of the party. To luncheon with Eddie and Alice Simmons, finding there a great company, and a good meal of tomato broth, creamed oysters, chicken salad with Virginia ham and asparagus, and the best dessert that ever I tasted in my life, of chilled whipped cream over grated orange peel and meringues, and Townsend Morgan, confiding that he would vote for Al Smith, even though he should run for the archbishopric of Canterbury, did tell us that President Hoover's conception of wine, women and song is "Near beer, love your mother, and community singing."

JANUARY 2—To the shops betimes to but buy some cretonne for Sam's bedroom, and finding myself in an establishment wherein I had no account, I did ask the salesman to charge the material to C. Dodds, who, in response to a telephoned inquiry, vouchsafed

that he had never heard of me in all his life, and I should have been in a pretty fix had not the salesman, from something in C.'s tones, chosen to disbelieve him. So now I am more than ever minded to pay him off for the wretched Christmas present he gave me, which was a fake

needlepoint pattern which at first I did take to be authentic and well meant, albeit if he lives to be one hundred he can never equal the Madonna which he did commission a Spanish artist to paint on a bath towel for me. Home to my chaise-longue, reading in Norah James' new book "To the Valiant," finding it incredible that the same woman had wrote "Sleeveless Errand" last year, and then had my hairdresser in, and Lord! a calamity befell me as I

was dressing which would have given Job himself pause, for as I did start to run my bath, I unfortunately did turn the shower spigot by mistake, and a flood descended on my neat and freshly waved head, so that I was obliged to wear an evening turban to dinner. My husband, poor wretch, exceedingly loquacious this night, so that I was forced to attend him closely in order to affirm and negate at the proper points, and he now does tell me, in his constant speculation as to how he would make out in another profession than the one which he does practice, that he thinks he would like to be a state trooper. But I had liefer have him a trainman of some sort, so that we could travel about the country on passes, for it does irk me to lay out money for railway fare more than for almost any other thing. In this connection, I am depressed as to my solvency, the January bills seeming to me like the national debt, and I do mean next Christmas to give out only mean and uncostly presents, even if I do have to embroider pincushions and wrap coat-hangers myself. —Baird Leonard.



The man who bought his wife a fur coat.



## Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Perfume has a special attraction for some people. —*Bernarr Macfadden.*

The only writers to whom I can be compared are Stevenson and Hudson. —*Zane Grey.*

Contemporary life is entirely too contemporary. —*Harry Hansen.*

The theatre today is not more vulgar; it's just more natural. —*Helen Kane.*

I sometimes think I get no more out of life than the stenographer who earns \$35 a week and can dismiss all thoughts of work at the end of an eight hour day. —*Clara Bow.*

I really never care for a man who has over ten dollars. —*Anita Loos.*



"Why, Mister Jones! Aren't you in Florida?"  
"No, no. I'm cruising in the Mediterranean—on my yacht."



"Humph! Another one o' them diet places!"

I would greatly appreciate a barrel of Pilsener. —*H. L. Mencken.*

The nondrinker is technically not good company. —*Gilbert Seldes.*

I am still trying to get rid of everything I have got for Christmas in the last twenty years. —*George Jean Nathan.*

I believe that if we examine the ten years' record of enforcement we will feel cause for optimism. —*James W. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner.*

I did everything in my power to have harmony in the party. —*Senator Heflin.*

It takes two to make a miracle: the man who performs the miracle and the man who believes in miracles. —*Benito Mussolini.*

What Iowa needs is a good substantial drink. I was out there once—  
—*Representative Loring M. Black, (of N. Y.)*



SINBAD  
*"No Sir!!!"*



LOVE-SICK ENGINEER: *There, by gosh! I got to thinkin' about Maggie agin!*



## THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES *Being Contributions from the Ladies*

### The Song of You

I would put my heart in a song to you  
With wonder of wings in its rhythmic beat,  
And because of your spirit flaming through  
Many would listen and find it sweet,  
And the notes of some clinging phrase repeat,  
Till a boy would whistle it down the street  
For joy in the song of you.

So waves of your song, sweetheart, would sweep

Here and there for the love it drew.  
A shepherd might pipe it to his sheep,  
An air-man would hum it as he flew,  
A sailor might chanter it to the deep,—  
And each would find in the love he knew

The heart in the song of you.

—May D. Hatch.

If you want a thing done well, let your wife do it herself.

—Edna May Bush.

### Pique

All right then, stay away and see  
If it means anything to me.

If you are going to take this line  
The loss is certainly not mine.

I've other friends, and plenty, too.

I don't need to run after you.

And do you think that some day when

You 'phone and want to come again

I'll actually let you come?

You know darn well I will, you bum!

—Myra M. Waterman.

*Although the time for entering the Women's Sense of Humor Contest expires on January twenty-fourth, the FEMALE OF THE SPECIES will be continued and material will be paid for at LIFE's regular rates. Contest winners will be announced later.*





## Life in Washington

**M**ILITANT Methodist declared an extra dividend when the Coast Guard machine-gunned three rum-runners on the "Black Duck" who were only trying to give Newport a Happy New Year. Aside from the ethics involved in shooting sitting duck, a nice point has been raised as to whether it was tactful for the Coast Guard and submarine crews at New London to get drunk on the hooch seized from another runner on the same day. Three dead men off Newport and twenty-four drunken sailors at the base don't look so pretty. Truly Jehovah is a jealous God and the blood of the unbelievers is a pleasing sacrifice unto the Anti-Saloon League, yea, even unto Borah.

Naturally, everyone here is officially backing up the C. G. Admiral Billard says, "Stop or get hurt!" though it doesn't appear that the smugglers even had a chance to stop. Mellon came back from a bask in the Bahamas and promptly announced that "the Coast Guard could not do less than it did." Knowing the C. G., we heartily agree. But Boston, dear old Boston, the leper of the Liberals, did the stuff. A crowd met in Faneuil Hall to denounce "the Newport massacre" and tore down Coast Guard recruiting signs on the Common. Mr. Borah may recall that Boston started the Revolution with its tea-party and that it started the Civil War with its Abolitionists. At any rate, the Senate took a swift look at Prohibition and agreed to discuss the Tariff.

Politics are coming to a boil and are just about as sore. Hi Johnson scored simple honors above the line by snagging the chairmanship of the Commerce Commission. Experts are watching the war in California over the governorship. If the Hoover crowd fight Johnson's man out there, Johnson is prepared to do Hoover out of the State delegation in 1932, when the engineer in politics will need all the steam there is in the Presidential boilers to make the grade for renomination. They already talk of Hoover as "a one-term

President," which is a pity. A move to run Pershing for Senator from Nebraska against the stainless Norris is a hopeful sign. Symptomatic of the amity existing between President and Congress was the fact that the dome of the Capitol burst into flames a week after the White House impromptu barbecue. The cause was "spontaneous combustion." There are times when you can't improve on nature.

Our delegation to the Naval Conference took a last look at the meaning of "parity" and set out for London. At the same time, sixty American warships sailed from Newport News and assumed a posture of defense in front of the Panama Canal, as being one thing which the Navy won't let us give away. William B. Shearer, the much investigated navy expert, addressed a mass meeting at Carnegie Hall; if the Administration hadn't investigated him, he couldn't have filled a vestibule.

Census experts report our population is increasing at the rate of over a million a year. Barnum's estimate of the birth rate must, therefore, be moved up to two a minute . . . Commander Byrd discovered coal in Antarctica. George Putnam must have been asleep, not to have given it out to the press as oil . . . Science has just perfected durium, an inert synthetic gum for making flexible, durable, indestructible phonograph records, which can resist the heat of molten lead. Just the same we expect to vote for our usual congressman. —J. F.

## Political Busts



Senator Harris of Georgia comes up for re-election this year—so he thought he should do something exciting.

Hence he fired the opening gun for stricter prohibition enforcement, and created quite a rumpus. He even demanded that the government appropriate \$250,000,000 additional to help put things over.

Of course, he doesn't expect to get it, but it is a good gesture, and conveys the impression to his Georgia constituents, who are dry in theory, if nothing else, that their Senator is quite a boy up in Washington, and that anyone who can kick up so much dust should be returned—which is probably just what will happen! —Barksdale Rogers.



"Ohol So you're one o' them rum-runners?"

# LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

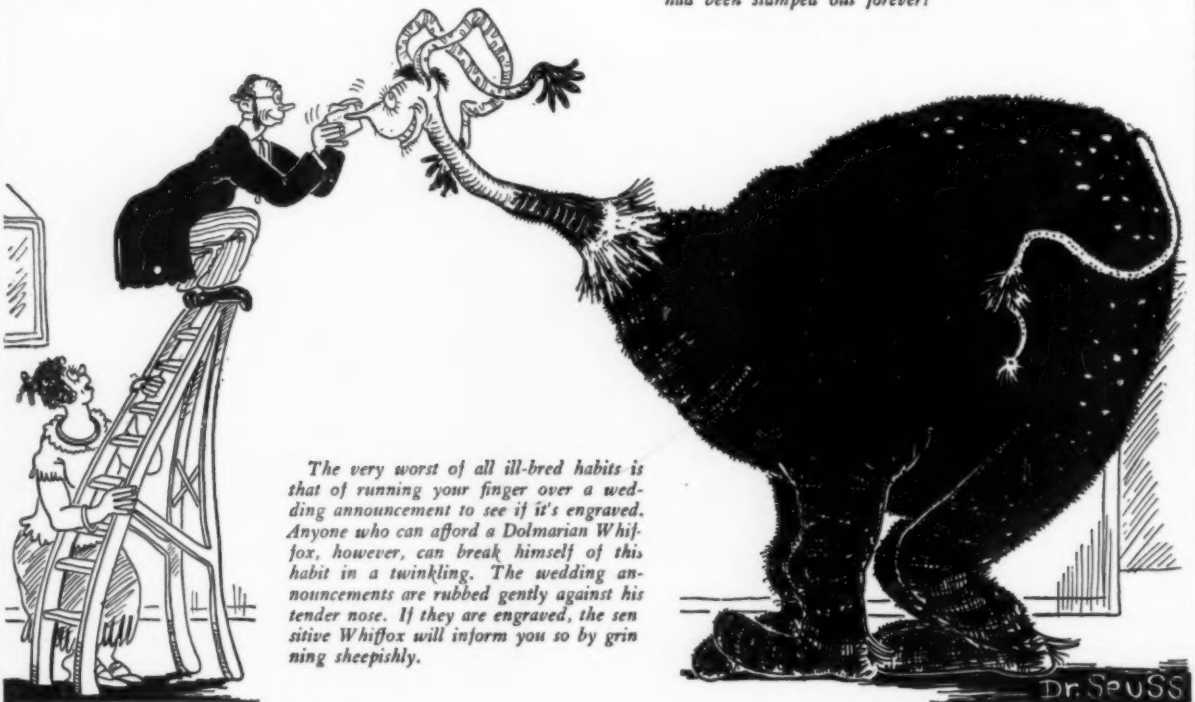
## The Beast and Bird as an Aid in Habit-Breaking



When the average wife points to someone behind her husband and whispers, "don't look around just now," the husband usually looks around immediately. To break her husband of this habit, Frau Buchlintz of Munich enlists the services of Ludwig, a prong-horned daschshund. Catching Herr Buchlintz's head in his antlers, Ludwig never allows him to turn and gawk until Frau Buchlintz is darn good and ready.



It has been known for centuries that the Burmese Chickatoo will thrust his head gleefully through anything that resembles a circle. But it took a Westfield, N. J., housewife to first put this idiosyncrasy to service. With rare inspiration, she hung her Burmese Chickatoo in the breakfast nook. In less than a week her husband's doughnut-dunking habit had been stamped out forever!



The very worst of all ill-bred habits is that of running your finger over a wedding announcement to see if it's engraved. Anyone who can afford a Dolmarian Whifox, however, can break himself of this habit in a twinkling. The wedding announcements are rubbed gently against his tender nose. If they are engraved, the sensitive Whifox will inform you so by grinning sheepishly.

Dr. Seuss

# Life at Home



NEW YORK CITY—Miss Ida Lathers, prominent suffragette, carries a red electric flashlight so that she can get on a street car without being struck by traffic and has written to Commissioner Whalen that action is needed to safeguard the surface car passenger. "If you will spend one evening getting on and off street cars you will realize the reasonableness of my request for action—if you live to complete the adventure," she wrote.

LOS ANGELES—While E. R. Reuter was driving on a downtown street, a manhole exploded under him and his car jumped three feet into the air. When it came down, Reuter leaped out and fled precipitately. Police argued with him for thirty minutes before he would go back and drive on.

CHICAGO—Frank P. Smith and his ex-wife Mrs. Gow were on perfect terms for eleven years after their separation. Then Smith and his former wife became partners in a bridge game at which they lost. She became so angry that she filed suit for \$4,312 back alimony.



TEXARKANA, Ark.—The prohibition department has discovered that 75% of the liquor law violations in this state are made by women, with whom in the past the law has been very lenient. But Prohibition Administrator Gurley now declares that he will hereafter "treat women rough," and that Southern chivalry will no longer be exercised.

WASHINGTON—Rev. Dr. Clinton Wunder reports an analysis of 628 motion picture plays. In 33% there was no criminality displayed, in 17% the villain was killed, in 33% he was reformed, and in 5% he suffered physical punishment at the hands of the hero. Dr. Wunder therefore deduces that movies actually act as a crime deterrent. "And still the Wunder grew—"



BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Prof. J. C. Day, biologist at Howard College, told his class he did not believe the Bible account of the whale swallowing Jonah and of Noah's ark accommodating two of every animal species. He was immediately dismissed from his position.

LOS ANGELES—J. D. Murphy was arrested for diluting alcohol. They charged him with manufacturing liquor. The judge dismissed the charge, pointing out that "if this man is guilty, so is everyone who mixes a cocktail."

CHICAGO — Chicago's police stepped into their station houses today and looked at the bulletin boards. Slowly they began to chuckle. The chuckles turned into guffaws, and the guffaws into suffocating bellows. On the board was this little notice from New York: "Reviewing the first year of his administration of the New York Police Department, Commissioner Grover Whalen today declared that there are no hardened criminals operating in New York now. They have all been eliminated."

DETROIT—H. B. Joy, leader of the Republican party in the state, has resigned his position on account of the party's hypocrisy on the Prohibition question. "I was deluded into voting for prohibition," he said, "which I now consider a greater evil than the saloon."

WASHINGTON — The nation's drink bill is now \$2,500,000,000 a year—approximately what it would be were there no prohibition.

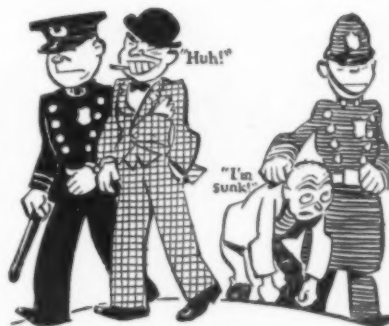
Consumption of spirits is about equal to the pre-war rate.

Arrests for drunkenness are more numerous now than they were before prohibition.

Excluding time deposits, representing in large measure the funds of big corporations, there has been no phenomenal increase in savings under prohibition.

These were points made by John C. Gebhardt, director of research for the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

## and Elsewhere



LONDON, Eng.—Replying to claims of superiority advanced by Grover Whalen, Scotland Yard says: That in 1928 Scotland Yard investigated 18 murders and secured 11 convictions; the other 7 men committed suicide. Statistics show that the odds are 11 to 4 that a murderer in New York will never be indicted; and 11 to 2 that he will never be convicted.



# New York Life



"Which is the right life?  
The simple or the night life?"

IT IS rather significant that this lyrical question appears in a revue called "*Wake Up And Dream!*" . . . which is just what this country should do . . . the obvious answer to this question is "*night life*"

. . . at which point ten million 100% Americans will rise in righteous indignation at such an heretical belief and ten million upstanding citizens of this grand and glorious freehold will cry out that man needs his allotted eight hours of sleep in order to do justice to his job, that nightfall is the time when honest folk should be in their homes, when vice and sin are afoot and crime is rampant . . . *poppy-cock, piffle and pish tush!*

## That Night!

Nightfall is when the real world awakes, when the dreamer comes into his own, when timid souls who shudder under the world's day glare venture forth, when romance is abroad . . . all the truly great things have been achieved after dark . . . all the best things in music, literature, science and invention . . . nighttime is the creative time.

## Came The Dawn!

Daylight is for the soulless, the unimaginative, the destroyers . . . all the great crimes in this best of all possible worlds are perpetrated in the cold drab light of day . . . wars are fought, people are killed, foolish laws are made and passed, justice is meted out, children labor, wage earners slave, trusts are formed, melons cut, stocks bought and sold, big business men meet at Rotary luncheons, ministers preach, movies are made, tabloids are printed, editorials are written and columns like this—all under the bright glare of daylight!

## Nighttime Saving!

What this country needs is not *Daylight Saving* but *Nighttime Saving!* . . . scientists, physicians, psycho-analysts, all agree that the mind is much more active at night, the imagination keener . . . why not let the grinding wheels of industry and progress benefit by this? . . . why not have the business day start at noon and run through until eight o'clock? . . . there would be the same number of working hours and much more would be accomplished . . . in one fell swoop most of the blights of big business would be eliminated . . . the business man's lunch, the late arrivals at the office, the morning "pep" talks, the hanging around of salesmen until their customers got down to work . . . think how much easier it would be to sell a man something around six or seven o'clock at night



Barney's



*The Daffydill*

when dusk has softened the drabness of an office, when bright lights have instilled a little romance in his matter-of-fact mind . . . and what a boon for the demon golfers who sneak out after lunch for eighteen holes . . . they can get to bed early and get that eight

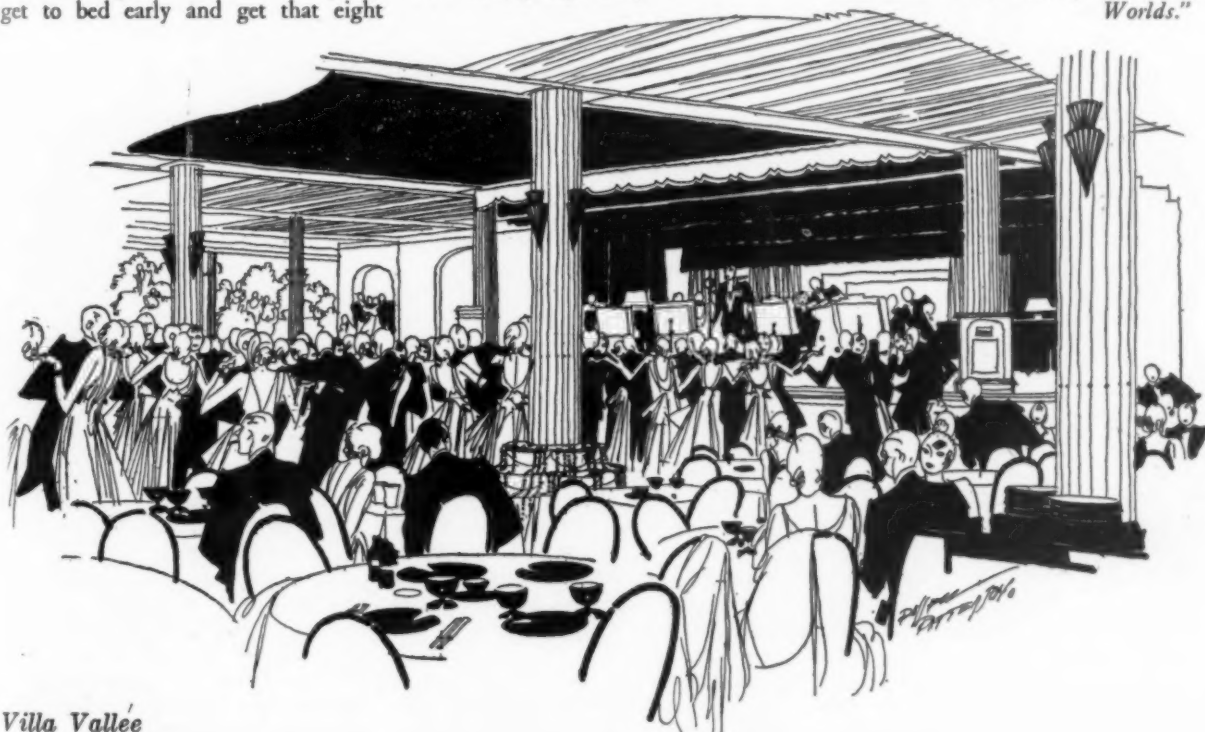
hours' sleep necessary for a clear eye and a steady hand and be up bright and early and have a whole morning of golf without a twinge of conscience . . . and the rest of us can stay out all night and sleep all morning and have the same bright eyes and steady hands . . . well, pretty steady.

## Records

Something new in records has been inaugurated by Mrs. Enrico Caruso . . . at her "Recording Shop" on East Sixty-second street one may immortalize his or her voice in the form of a phonograph record by sitting in a soundproof booth and singing, talking or yelling into a microphone . . . different size records may be made at corresponding prices . . . many people took advantage of this during the holidays and sent records as Christmas cards . . .

## Manna-About-Town

His Honor, James J. Walker, smoking, in violation of the anti-smoking law, at a recent fight at Madison Square Garden . . . Robert Coleman, eminent dramatic critic, saying over the radio, "This seems very incongruous—" . . . the Rolls Royce taxi that is rolling around town . . . the play "Waterloo Bridge" . . . Leo Reisman's orchestra at the Casino . . . Jessie Matthews of "Wake Up And Dream," than which there is no whicker . . . Bill Plankington singing "Castaway Caroline" at Barney's . . . the new collection of Voltaire called "The Best of All Possible Worlds."



*Villa Vallee*

# Theatre • by Ralph Barton

EVER since America discovered, in the late spring and early summer of 1919, that the English have a sense of humor, after all, we have been loping about with our eyebrows in arches, ready to die laughing at any old joke that comes out of England, convinced that it would be fearfully funny if we could understand it. I think this shows the sweetest sort of national disposition, on our part; but it is a dangerous game to play. It augments our already too robust complex of inferiority at a rate which would, unchecked, have us petitioning for re-admission into the British Empire within ten years, with a waiver on Home Rule.

The evil that lurks in admiring somebody else's sense of humor too much comes out at its worst in our eagerness to go crazy over English revues. If there is anything that America is better at than any other country, it is the great big, expensive revue racket. It is our racket. We conceived it, gave it birth, and brought it through its infant maladies to whatever it is today. The revues that come out of other countries are imitations of ours. And yet, when an English revue is brought over here, we click our heels together, respectfully uncover, breathe words like "beautiful," "subtle" and "intelligent" through our teeth, throw loud kisses at the producer for his disinterested efforts to civilize us, and twist ourselves into knots over the comedians; while we spread our coat-tails to hide our own revues as silly, vulgar shows fit only for the tickerstupefied T. B. M.

I understand that Mr. Cochran has re-arranged and vastly improved his "Wake Up and Dream" since I saw it, but on the opening night it was only about 79 out of a Ziegfeld or John Murray Anderson 100 in the departments of elegance and entertainment, and a bare 40 in the matter of humor.

What happened, in synopsis, was something on this order: Tilly Losch, who is a most captivating little person, would step into a highly amusing setting and perform a dance with infinite grace and skill. This would be followed by a roar of deserved applause, during which Jack Buchanan, hiding his annoyance very badly, would appear before the curtain to make some clever remarks. As the applause for Miss

Losch died out, it would become painfully obvious that the remarks weren't so clever as those in the audience who couldn't read lips had supposed, but we would all remember that the English have a sense of humor after all, and laugh heartily just the same. Then, Jessie Matthews would come on and sing a song and dance a little and be as cute as the devil and earn her burst of applause, during which Mr. Buchanan would appear again, "in one," and do an impersonation of Sir Thomas Beecham. A note in the program explained that Sir Thomas is the gentle-



*A fast disappearing type in the theatre.*

man who is fighting, tooth and claw, for Grand Opera in London; that his father, Sir Joseph, was the originator of the celebrated Beecham's Pills, and that the family had descended from the Beauchamps of Beauvais, the English branch having been founded by one Jehan Beauchamps, who crossed with William the Conqueror. With this information committed to memory, we were able to pull ourselves together and laugh heartily again at Mr. Buchanan's impersonation.

And so on, through the evening. Every time Miss Losch, or Tina Meller fascinated us with a bit of serious dancing, or Miss Matthews accomplished the same end by rolling her eyes, Mr. Buchanan would come out and stand around until the applause died out, and then play a sketch based on the difficulties His Majesty's Office of Works and Public Buildings is hav-

ing with the workingmen who are putting the new railing around Russell Square, or give an imitation of the way a member of the London County Council would disobey the Defense of the Realm Act, or get off some other purely local gag, at which our dutiful laughter took on more and more of the forced quality of radio entertainers' laughs at their own jokes.

In short, while Mr. Buchanan is a very personable johnnie and almost as good a comedian and dancer of the long-legged type as Clifton Webb, his material was dreadful and he and the humor of the revue fell horribly flat; so flat, indeed, that a couple of fellows playing the fore and aft legs of a horse seemed screamingly funny in contrast. The good things of the show lie in Miss Losch's superb dancing, in Tina Meller's eyes, and, of course, in Cole Porter's music, this being the entertainment in which "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and "I'm a Gigolo" were launched.

WITH his latest play, "Waterloo Bridge," the author of "The Road to Rome," Robert Emmet Sherwood, emerges from George Bernard Shaw's whiskers a full-fledged playwright on his own. Furthermore, he emerges as one in whose work there is an under-rumble of real dramatic power. He manages to make his spectators sit with their mouths a little open, oblivious of their surroundings, with the delicious sensation running up and down their spines that something overwhelming is about to happen. The theatre was invented to house this sensation and it offers no better entertainment to its customers.

Nothing overwhelming ever quite happens in "Waterloo Bridge." It is a simple war-time story of a guileless youth in the Canadian Army who meets a street-walker on her beat, falls in love with her, continues to love her even after he finds out the worst, and leaves her with the menace of reform hanging over her head. Mr. Sherwood has been obliged to string a good many words between the peaks of action, and sometimes they sag a little when the peaks are too widely separated; but they are all very intelligent words and they are feelingly pronounced by Glenn Hunter, June Walker and an excellent cast.





"IN WAKE UP AND DREAM"  
*Jack Buchanan and Tilly Losch.*



*We know of nothing more awful than turning up at a function in fancy dress when it isn't a fancy dress affair after all—*



*except, of course, turning up in the wrong evening clothes.*

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "The Mighty"

**T**HIS being He-Man Week at LIFE, we will celebrate by reporting films featuring the nation's two most popular roughnecks—George Bancroft and Victor McLaglen.

There are many nice things to be said about Mr. Bancroft in "The Mighty." He is, unquestionably, the screen's most personable and efficient gangster, and in this one he offers a performance that has more general appeal than anything he has done since "Underworld." The plot is a sure-fire tale of a gangster who refuses to answer the draft call, and is dragged into the World War very much against his will. Once in the scrapping he finds the killing business right down his alley, and his exploits soon make him a national hero. When the armistice is declared, he returns home where the city fathers welcome him with open arms and offer him the job as chief of police. George sees in this an opportunity to make a clean-up with his old "mob," but after taking over the work he develops a conscience with interesting results.

Outstanding in a cast of unusual excellence is Raymond Hatton, a film player whom we have yet to see give a poor performance. Mr. Hatton's film value is enhanced with the chance to use his speaking voice. Warner Oland is impressively sinister as the gang leader, and Dorothy Revier, as the gangster's "moll," displays one of the few very pleasant feminine voices we have heard on the screen. Esther Ralston is adequate if not exciting as George's heart interest. And speaking of the sex feature of the picture, it might be well to let the romance lovers know that the affection between Esther and George, if

any, takes place after the picture is over. Fortunately, Mr. Bancroft is one of those big strong men who are able to convince their audiences of their possibilities for passion without giving demonstrations, and the latent heat of his wooing is a relief after watching countless screen lovers struggle to work themselves into a higher temperature than their glands will honestly support.

In commending "The Mighty" as worthy entertainment, we must add that the director has not made the most of the opportunities presented by



"Indeed, yes—you have some mighty fine bridge work, Mr. Fidgett."

the story. We are naturally a peace-loving person, but we must admit that the steadily increasing cadence of the plot led into a hopeful anticipation of a violent climax that was not fully realized. There is also one of those annoying scenes during which the hero and heroine, after barely escaping from death by a machine gun, stand up and make a fuss over each other, thereby presenting a perfect target in case the shooting party should happen to decide to try again.

"The Mighty" is the kind of entertainment this department likes to endorse. We can guarantee that it will furnish you with a mighty pleasant evening.

## "Hot for Paris"

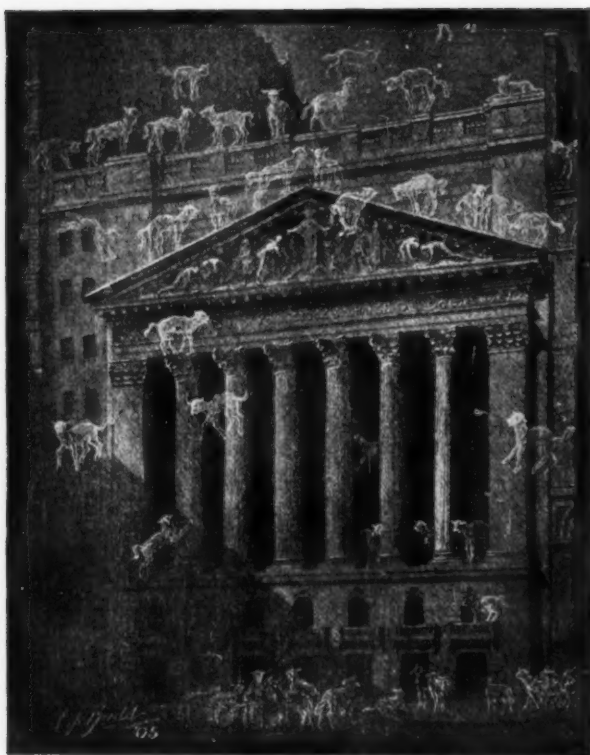
**I**N STRIKING contrast to the polished rowdyism of Mr. Bancroft is the loud, raucous and slightly lurid carryings on of Victor McLaglen in "Hot for Paris," a celluloid treatise on sex according to the French of William Fox. Any time you see Victor he will be a soldier, sailor or marine, taking his fun where he finds her. In this one he is a sailor completely surrounded by cute little girls, who swarm all over the place, making French gestures, the piece de resistance being the one that has to do with the turning of the back on a gentleman, accompanied by a little hop and a flick of the back of the skirt. These gestures of disdain or encouragement, as the case may be, are followed by screams of oo-la-la, which makes the atmosphere as French as all get out.

Mr. McLaglen is, of course, the big hairy-chested man who goes around making little girls wonder what fun they could ever have seen in being girl scouts. But comes the day when he chances to glance into Fifi Dorsay's room and sees her rehearsing her cabaret song in black underwear, and from then on he is a changed man. But don't misunderstand Fifi for a moment. She may be one of those French girls who takes her drinks, receives jewelry from boy friends and wears black what-nots, but she is still a nice girl . . . which reminds us of that line in the play, Fifty Million Frenchmen, "So she is the one." If this keeps up it will soon be as difficult for a girl to go wrong in the movies as it is in the Martha Washington Hotel.

Mr. McLaglen has a queer little impediment in his speech (and this does not refer to his accent) which makes

(Continued on Page 31)





Reprinted from LIFE, Nov. 30, 1905  
*Wall Street Ghosts.*

## The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, March 23, 1903  
*A Map of the World.  
(as seen by him)*



*"Wish I was a dog."*

Reprinted from LIFE, Feb. 2, 1901

# Confidential Guide

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

## Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The gamut of human emotions played in a New York street.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—The greatest of war plays.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forrest*. \$3.85—John Drinkwater's comedy of an English inn.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—What a young engaged couple ought to know.
- HOUSEPARTY. *Forty-eighth Street*—The fraternity house killing.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Hard to get seats, but worth the effort to see this comedy of love.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder and the solution between stations.
- ★CANDLE-LIGHT. *Empire*. \$4.40—Viennese small-talk and mistaken identity.
- ★THE CRIMINAL CODE. *National*. \$3.85—Drama of crime and punishment. The settings are worth the price of admission.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—10,000 laughs at tin pan alley.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—Leslie Howard on a voyage to XVIIIth century London.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Donald Meek's family troubles.
- ★YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY. *Cort*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A popular Rotarian's troubles at home.
- IT NEVER RAINS. *Eltinge*—California real estate farce.
- ★MENDEL, INC. *Ritz*. \$3.00—Good fun for Alexander Carr fans.
- ★SALT WATER. *John Golden*. \$3.85—Frank Craven gets in a jam and out again.
- YOUNG SINNERS. *Morisco*—Young cubs on a sofa.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—Sentimental Milne.
- ★RED RUST. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Crude but interesting picture of present day Russia.
- ★INSPECTOR KENNEDY. *Bijou*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—William Hodge in a murder mystery.
- METEOR. *Guild*—The Guild's come-back, with Lunt and Fontanne.
- ★RICHELIEU. *Hampden's*. \$3.85—A new version of an old play.
- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.85—Philip Merivale as the man with the scythe.

RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—One-woman show by a very fine artist.

★SEVEN. *Republic*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Weak war play.

★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Grace George in a delightful comedy by St. John Ervine.

CITY HAUL. *Hudson*—The low down on municipal government.

WATERLOO BRIDGE. *Fulton*—Robert Emmett Sherwood's interesting story of a soldier and a street-walker in war-time London.

## Eye and Ear

★THE LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, Fred Allen and "Moanin' Low."

★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street*. \$6.60—Girls, Will Mahoney, the Three Sailors and more girls.

★SWEET ADELIN. *Hammerstein*. \$6.60—Irene Franklin, Helen Morgan and Charles Butterworth to Jerome Kern's music.

★THE STREET SINGER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Queenie Smith, Andrew Tombes and a good dancing chorus.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*—The tenth edition of the big show, with Frances Williams, Willie Howard and Mr. White.

★A WONDERFUL NIGHT. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Magnificent production of "Die Fledermaus."

★BITTER SWEET. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Noel Coward's operetta, with the ravishing Evelyn Laye.

★HEADS UP! *Alvin*. \$5.50—Jack Whiting, Victor Moore, Betty Starbuck and Richard Rodgers' music.

★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—A great show, with Jack Donahue at his best.

★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—The Americans in Paris, with Cole Porter's music.

★TOP SPEED. *Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—Ginger Rogers and Lester Allen make the fun.

WOOF, WOOF! *Royale*—Louise Brown in an ordinary musical comedy.

WAKE UP AND DREAM. *Selwyn*—Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, Tilly Losch and more of Cole Porter's music.

The revivals at the *Jolson* are drawing crowds.

## Movies

THE MIGHTY. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Reviewed in this issue.

HOT FOR PARIS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Reviewed in this issue.

UNTAMED. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Joan Crawford spends hours trying to persuade a man to marry her in spite of her millions.

POINTED HEELS. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Helen Kane enlivens another story of backstage life.

GENERAL CRACK. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—John Barrymore establishes himself as a talkie star. See it.

THE TRESPASSER. (TALKIE) *United Artists*—Gloria Swanson gives a fine performance in a pretty tedious story.

THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—No.

TAMING OF THE SHREW. (TALKIE) *United Artists*—Mary and Doug offer a slapstick version that will amuse the movie fans and make Shakespeare turn over in his grave.

SHOW OF SHOWS. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Something like the Hollywood Revue, only more crowded and not as good.

THE KISS. (SILENT) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Probably Greta Garbo's last silent film, and a good one.

SONG OF LOVE. (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Belle Baker and Ralph Graves in a boring rehash of backstage life.

MARIANNE. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Marion Davies' best effort.

(Continued on Page 28)



"My dear, he bid on one queen, four tens, and five highballs!"



MAGISTRATE: Was the prisoner violent when you arrested him?

POLICEMAN: Violent, sir? Why, he threw his wife at me.

—London Opinion.

## Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 9)

bent over to pick up his chips he caught the scent of her, and like the numbers coming up and the click of the chips and the champagne, it went to his head. When his number came up the third time, she smiled at him and said, "How do you do it, big boy? I've been losing every night since I came."

"Harr," said Smith, gallantly. His number came up again.

As the ball started to settle the next time and everyone's eyes were glued to it, he looked at the croupier sharply. He saw his hand move ever so little under the side of the wheel. Smith had a thousand on red that time. Red won.

Then the smallest kind of a commotion on his right made him look around. The woman he had thought pretty was being led away. He supposed she had

lost too heavily and the Casino, with its natural aversion to having corpses in its gardens was taking normal precautions. He was so far ahead himself that he was sorry for her. He had forgotten about being sore mug—it seemed to him too bad that everyone shouldn't be as blessed as he was.

But the incident, slight as it was, took the pleasure from his game. He counted his winnings. Five thousand. That was fair enough. He cashed in his chips, got his hat and without bothering to interrupt Nancy, who was going home with young Brooks anyway, he stepped out into the gardens.

Whistling a merry little tune out of key, he took the path that led under tall palms to the North Gate, which was nearest his house. He felt a great fella with his roll in his pocket and that damn good dinner under his shirt. Bramley was a nice fella, he thought. It was a nice garden—nice night, too.

Suddenly he stopped and sniffed. Who on earth—why, that damned pretty girl must be near him somewhere. He peered through the dark at a bench he was passing. Someone was on it. He went over.

It was she; huddled on a corner of the bench and crying as though her heart would break.

"Hah," said Smith and then, "Hurr," and "Huff!"

He stood watching her for a moment, bewildered. A moment ago he had been bursting with *joie de vivre*. Now he found himself thinking of the death of his only daughter (though she was quite well), of the long, lean years of struggling behind him (though he'd always been wealthy) of chapel bells tolling in the winter's dusk. . . . Suddenly he bent over and with a ges-



DOCTOR (who has answered an urgent call): Well, sir, what's this awful singing noise in the ears that's troubling you?

ABSENT-MINDED OLD GENTLEMAN: Oh, it's all right now, Doctor. I discovered I'd forgotten to take the earphones off!

—Humorist.



ture courtly in spite of its swiftness, placed the five thousand dollars in bills between her hands. Then he hurried off.

Just outside the gate he was surprised to find Bramley.

"Hell, Rob, I heard you'd slipped off. Came to get you to have a night-cap with us. You will, won't you?"

"You bet I will," said Smith. He felt it would be good to be where there were lights and people laughing. Silly rot, getting stewed up like he had. He stuck his arm through Bramley's. When they got back to the private room all the people who had been at dinner were waiting for them. One of the men said, "Hear you won some money, Rob."

"Yes," said Smith, "but I gave it away, of course."

"Big Hearted Smith!" said Bramley.

Everybody laughed. So did Smith. When they quieted down and champagne had been passed Bramley said, "You know, I let you win tonight, Rob."

Everybody laughed again. Smith said, "I thought you had. Thought I saw the croupier slow up the wheel. That's one reason I didn't hesitate when I saw this poor girl crying."

The door opened. A girl came into the room.

She said, "Where's your friend Smith, Uncle Bram?"

Bramley leaped to his feet.

"What!" he said. "Didn't you see him in the garden?"

"Yes," she said, "but he went by like a scared rabbit."

Bramley whistled. Then he sat down suddenly.

"Look here, Rob," he said. "Jelma was going to cry that five thousand out of you for a joke. We fixed it up here after dinner when you went out."

"I know," said Smith. "I saw her follow me out the door. Thought it was funny."

"The drinks are on me," said Bramley. "Let's have the five."

"But I gave it away," said Smith. "There was a girl—a pretty little thing—crying her eyes out in the garden. I'd noticed this evening she was losing a hell of a lot, so I stuck the money between her fingers." He laughed. "She was playing at my table. Left early though—"

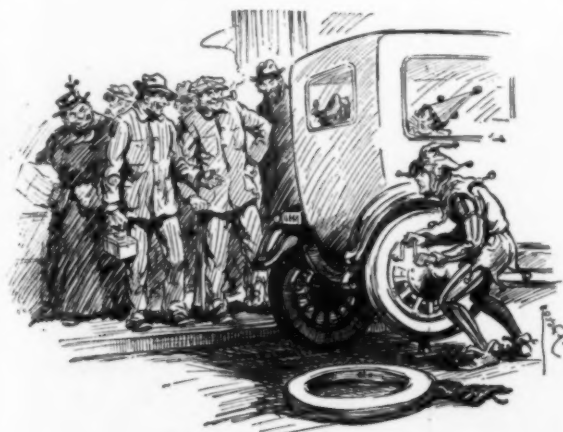
"Left early?" Bramley half shouted. "Left? I had her thrown out. That was the girl who pulled that widow story on me a year ago. Do you mean to tell me I let you win five grand and you gave it to her?"

Smith smiled. He wouldn't be sore mug again for a long time.

"Why, yes," he said. He smiled again. "I knew Big Hearted Bramley would want me to."

He smiled again. Then he said, "Humph!" and held out his glass for champagne.

*The next episode, "Pennypacker," will appear next week.*



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS.

*Changing a flat tire at six a. m. on the way home from a Fancy Dress Ball.*

## Like a bracing Cocktail



## LA LASINE

the Modern Mouth and Skin ANTISEPTIC

At the end of the day comes the zero hour. Legs are weary...feet ache. The skin is dull. The mouth is bitter from too much smoking. You have no appetite—no zest for the evening's social program.

Then is when you need this bracer. First, a generous mouthful. Gargle it. Swish it around so tongue and gums and teeth feel its healing cleanness.

Next, a quick invigorating rub...face, hands, armpits, body. In a minute, you're a sleek, slick new person.

Oh Boy! (Or Girl, as the case may be.) Oh Tired Business Man! Shopping-weary Lady! On to the date...to dinner out...to the theatre. Lights twinkle. People look friendly. Isn't life wonderful? Isn't La Lasine great?

LA LASINE, the modern antiseptic for the mouth and skin, has the stimulating, pick-up of a cocktail. It is put up in attractive small flasks, 10 cents and 35 cents, for individual use. In larger sizes, 65 cents and 1 dollar, for family needs. At all good drug stores and department stores. Get it today. Try it tonight.

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this Hotel give that  
we do not have?"**

The New Yorker Hotel answered brilliantly...not merely with size...forty-three stories reaching to new heights in hotels...with restaurants and public rooms contemporarily styled for the scene of vivid, vivacious social life... but with "individualized service" which brings to hotel living a personal comfort and ease undreamt of... with the pervading spirit as casually informal as home.

BERNIE CUMMINS himself leads The New Yorker Orchestra...nightly at dinner and supper in the lovely Terrace restaurant.

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**THE NEW YORKER HOTEL**  
RALPH HITZ, Managing Director  
34th St. & 8th Ave., New York City

## Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 25)

### Supper Clubs

\*Dressy  
C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays  
H Headwaiter  
SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)  
BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. Dear old Barney's, the heart of the world. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H. Arnold. SMIG.\$4.  
CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Pretty good. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.  
CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.  
CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. \* C.\$2. H.Adolph.  
CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). \* C.\$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.  
COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.  
CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SMIG.\$2.75.  
COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.  
DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Attractive place, good crowd and the Californians. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.  
DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SMIG.\$4.00.  
GOUVERNOR CLINTON GRILL, 31st and 7th Ave. Paul Specht's orchestra. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. SMIG.\$2.50.  
LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.  
LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. \* C.\$6. H.Maraschino.  
MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. \* C.\$3.  
ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.  
ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Nice. \* C.\$2. S.\$3.  
VILLA VALLEE, 10 E. 60. Rudy himself in person. \* C.\$3. S.\$4. SMIG.\$5.

### Records

IF LOVE WERE ALL .....  
A modest little tune from "Bitter Sweet."  
I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN .....  
...Waltz. From the same show. (Victor)

THAT CERTAIN THING,  
YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME .....  
A grand record of two hit numbers from  
"Fifty Million Frenchmen." (Victor)

CHARMING .....  
A delightful melody from "Devil May Care."  
SHEPHERD'S SERENADE. ...Also. (Columbia)

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE,  
MY MAN IS ON THE MAKE .....  
Two snappy dance tunes from "Heads Up."  
(Columbia)

### Sheet Music

"Charming" (Devil May Care)  
"What Would I Care" (Top Speed)  
"Strike Up The Band" (Strike Up The Band)  
"I Mean To Say" (Strike Up The Band)  
"Hangin' Around With You" (Strike Up The Band)  
"How Am I To Know" (Dynamite)

## LIFE'S Ticket Service

\*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

\*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office. Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

### LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 598 Madison Ave., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed

# Life in Society

## MRS. FORSOTH WICKELS DAUGHTER MARRIED



Miss Frank Wickels of 270 Park Avenue and the former Signor Don Jose W. Miquel-O'Brien of Cuba who were recently married at Delmonico's.

Senora Miquel-O'Brien is wearing a priceless old nuptial cap which was loaned by her maternal grandfather, Patsy O'Brien. The ceremony was followed by a reception and the police. The Miquel-O'Briens have gone down on the S. S. Hypatica for an extended honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Koler of Kohler will close their summer home, Koler Manor, and open their winter villa, El Koler of Kohler Beach. Mr. Koler of Kohler says it's getting much Koler in Kohler. They will have as their week-end guests Mr. and Mrs. Lee of Conschohocken.

Former Governor Alfred E. Smith will attend a party for children at the office of the *Saturday Evening Post*. After the toys have been distributed,

George Horace Lorimer of the *Post* will box ten rounds with Ray Long of *Cosmopolitan*. A treasure hunt for Calvin Coolidge will follow the boxing contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Folger Bolley have closed their apartment at the Weylin and are sailing for Paris on the Bremen to open their house in Paris so they can close their Paris house and open El Miserably on the ocean front at Palm Beach, which has been closed for the summer. Mrs. Bolley is suffering from sunken gardens and enlargement of the patio.

Announcement was made yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. W. Glorieux Phipps of the Ambassador of the marriage of their daughter, Miss June Phipps, to Prince Vladimir Korzybska Yslovich, brother of the first few cousins of the Grand Duke of Russia, which took place on December 6 in Greenwich. It is understood that the prince was badly hit in the recent stock market crash, but this new re-financing by the Phipps interest is expected to render Prince Yslovich practically solvent. The Prince's brother, Serge, is doorman at the Embassy Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leonard Logan and their son Charles Leonard Logan, Jr., former Yale football star and vice-president of the Guarantee Trust Co., are at the Weylin before going to Palm Beach, before going back to the Weylin again, before becoming so confused they don't know whether they're in Palm Beach or the Weylin.

—Jack Cluett.



"Fireman, you're taking a great deal on yourself!"

just your  
favorite  
15¢ cigar  
divided by  
ten

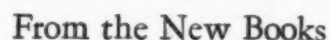
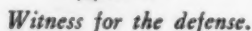
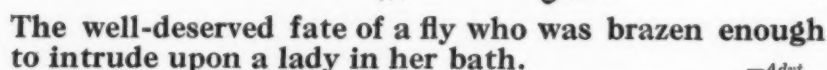


...To fit your briefer smoking moments... and to save you the cost of half-wasted cigars.

**BETWEEN  
THE ACTS**  
LITTLE CIGARS  
10 for 15¢

If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.





O Lord, for all I done today  
To cause annoyance and delay  
To make a person rant and rave,  
For all wrong numbers I have gave,  
And gave and gave, when I'd be cryin'  
For five three seven, thrree seven,  
ni-yun,  
For all the needless irritation  
When I cut off a conversation,  
The cusses—calls for information  
Because of me—the slaps and slams,  
The smashed receivers—darns and  
damns  
I've caused this day—O Lord, for these  
And all my sins,  
Excuse it, Please!

Amen.

—From *Excuse It Please*,  
by Oliver Herford.

I got my start on Henry Street  
And I went down to Hell dead-beat;  
The old woman would drink like a  
fish and tan  
My backsides blue and then the old man  
Would finish up what she began.

—*From Hell in Harness,*  
by Joseph Auslander.

The more I see of the world, and the more men I meet or books I read or questions I answer, the more I come back with increased conviction to those places where I was born or played as a boy, narrowing my circles like a bird going back to a nest. That seems to me the end of all travel, and especially of the wildest travel—to get home.

—From the *Poet and the Lunatics*,  
by G. K. Chesterton.

## Book Guide

"MISSISSIPPI," by Ben Lucien Burman.

Story of a steamboat captain and his foster son of the Shantytown dwellers, with their love of picture buttons and hymn singing.

"BLAIR'S ATTIC," by Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln.

Mystery yarn with plenty of fun;  
in a Cape Cod setting.

"HIDE IN THE DARK," by Frances Noves Hart.

You won't put this down till you've finished it. Who killed Cock Robin? Anyone of a dozen might have.

"JOE PETE," by Florence McClinchier.  
Sympathetic and powerful novel  
dealing with the lives of modern  
Ojibway Indians.

## TRAVEL in EUROPE

59  
years of  
service

59  
Foreign  
offices

INDEPENDENT  
Escorted  
Private Auto  
TOURS

Steamship TICKETS

DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.  
512 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

## CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS



At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.



"I intend to stay here till I am forced to leave!"

Florida's  
Best Known Hotel  
**The Flamingo**  
MIAMI BEACH  
Sunshine Playground  
Famed for its service,  
cuisine and unsurpassed  
location.  
American Plan  
C. S. KROM  
MANAGER

## Movies

(Continued from Page 23)

his voice unattractive to this department. However, this is a matter of opinion. The recording is also particularly poor for a Fox picture. As in "The Cock-Eyed World," there are several little touches that seem to have escaped the censors' notice through some strange oversight, one of these being Mr. McLaglen's graphically descriptive line, "As hot as a bride's breath."

Among pleasant details are the humorous antics of El Brendel and a very amusing account of a wartime rescue as rendered by August Tollaie. The one striking bit of photography is a shot of a four-masted schooner gliding along under full sail.

"Hot for Paris" is a poor attempt to reproduce the boxoffice appeal that has been the feature of other McLaglen films.

## Answers to Anagrams

on page 10

- (1) Celery.
- (2) Market.
- (3) Dishrag.
- (4) Trouser.
- (5) Bugler.
- (6) Hymnal.

"The modern girl will make a good mother," says a doctor. Especially if somebody invents a combination cocktail-shaker and cradle-rocker.

—London Opinion.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Laundries are said to welcome special instructions from customers. We hear that one man, in desperation, has stenciled "No honing; No stropping" on his collars.

—London Opinion.

"You say that I am the first model you ever kissed?"

"Yes."

"And how many models have you had before me?"

"Four. An apple, two oranges and a vase of flowers."

—John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

A London barber admits that he often cuts his chin when he is shaving himself. Yes, but does he talk himself into buying a bottle of special skin lotion?

—Passing Show.

CONDUCTOR (to crowd swarming round a bus already full): Full up, full up! This is a bus, not a fly-paper!

—Pearson's.



## GOING TOGETHER

IF YOU smoke at all, you need a constant companion—Squibb's Dental Cream.

Notice the difference that Squibb's makes in your smoking taste. Every one of your favorite smokes hits a little nearer the spot—because Squibb's protects you. Half of it is pure Milk of Magnesia!

Tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia neutralize acids—sweeten the breath—keep your mouth from growing surly and disgruntled.

Make Squibb's and smoking go together. Get a tube at your druggist's.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



**SQUIBB'S  
DENTAL  
CREAM**

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word  
Picture Puzzle No. 19



*The three Graces go skiing.*

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Arthur S. Hill,  
2519 Raymond Drive,  
Des Moines, Iowa.

*Putting the skids under another  
classic myth.*

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

H. A. Merkt,  
90-38 170th Street,  
Jamaica, N. Y.

*The decline and fall of the Greeks.*

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Mrs. E. S. Hammack,  
1022 Idaho,  
Santa Monica, Calif.

*When heavenly bodies come to earth.*

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Mrs. Roy West,  
1009 Milan Place,  
Austin, Texas.

*Another beautiful myth falls!*



*The surgeonometer.*

*Tells at a glance the state of a patient's  
bank-account.*

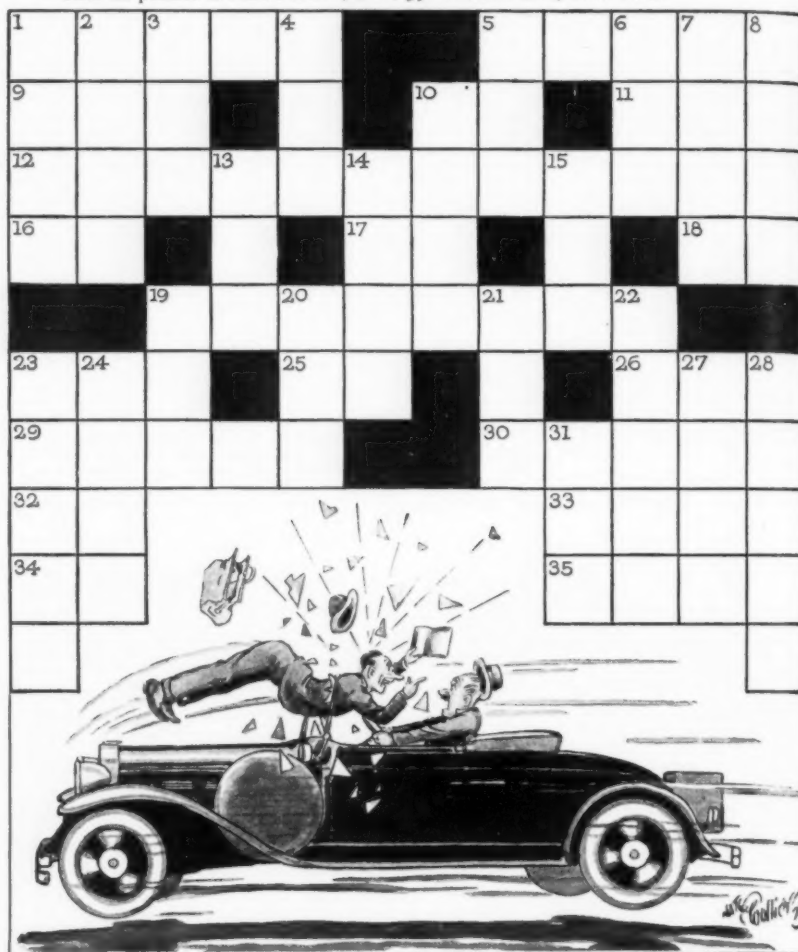
LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 24  
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly solved the puzzle. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, Feb. 7. Winners will appear in the Feb. 28 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. This is a crowd.
5. What the hot dog did. (Yes, you can spell it this way!)
9. Pronoun.
10. A well-known goat.
11. Pronoun.
12. The kind of biscuits the little bride makes.
16. Boy's nickname.
17. This state has a reputation for being green. (Abbr.)
18. French article.
19. This fellow has prospects.
23. This is an opening.
25. This denotes hesitation.
26. This is full of hops.
29. This carries the burdens of Peru.
30. Tested.
32. Near.
33. Possess.
34. To this or that degree.
35. Chief of the Northern Gods.

VERTICAL

1. A river in Northern England.
2. Look into this if there's something missing.
3. What a couple of socks would give the Senators.
4. This gets a hearing.
5. Asiatic ox.
6. A high ball.
7. A great aid to success.
8. A shady proposition.
10. What some of our boxers deal in.
13. Women don't mind getting this in the neck.
14. All time.
15. Literary sketches.
19. A wet spot.
20. A grassy plain.
21. A witty saying.
22. A water nymph.
23. This makes many pause and reflect.
24. This is pretty low for a woman.
27. Third son of Jacob.
28. Lovely gardens.
31. A Greek letter.



# Life's Great Cut-Out Contest!

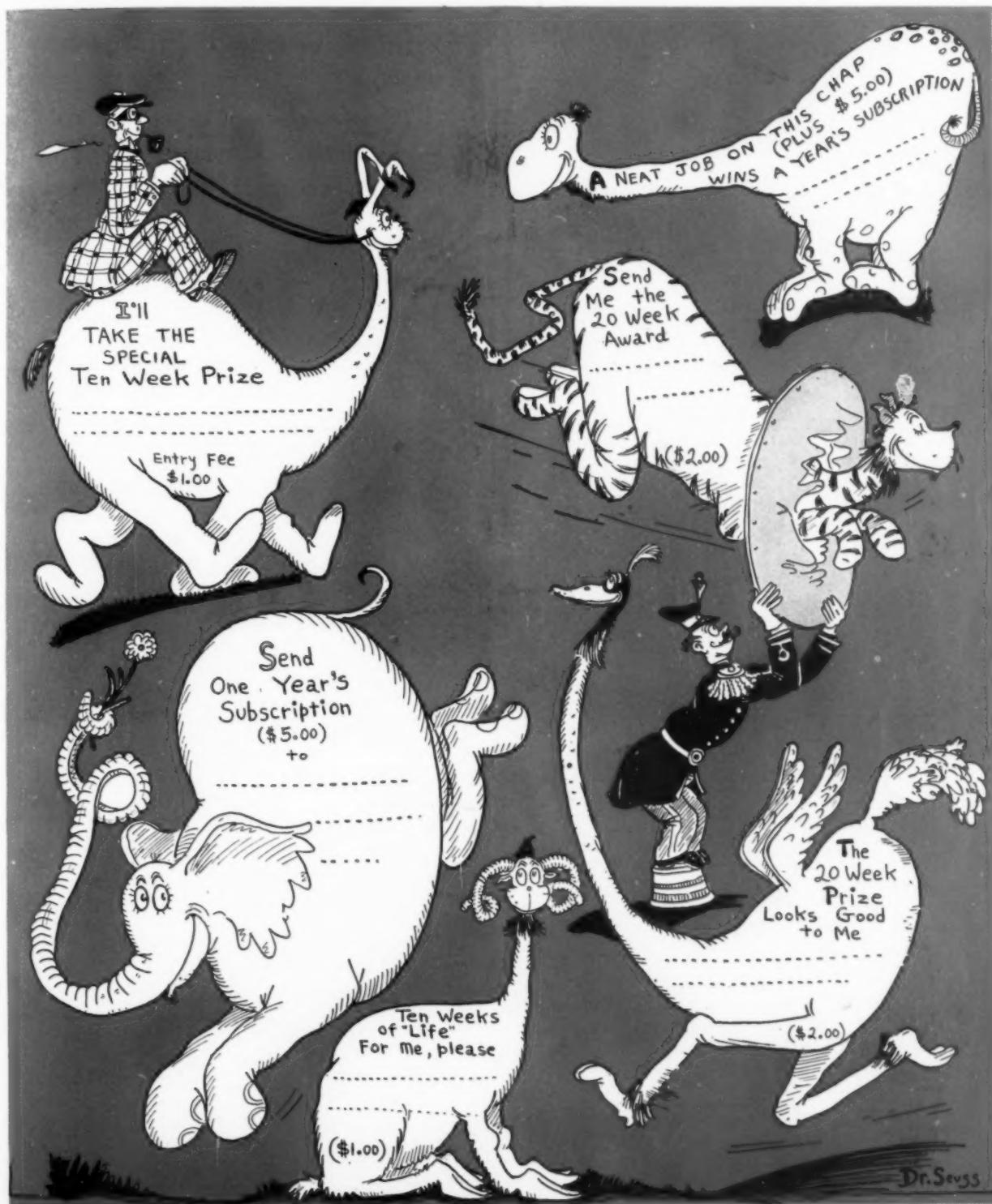
EVERYONE A WINNER!

PRIZES FOR ALL!

The principal trouble with most contests is that there are not enough winners! LIFE has at last evolved a contest that is unique in the history of contestdom. . . a contest in which everyone wins! The rules for LIFE's Great Cut-Out Contest are few and easy to follow:—

1. Select any one of the paper dolls below and cut it out carefully, or, if pressed for time, not so carefully.
2. In each case the Entry Fee is ridiculously small. Pin this to your cut-out.
3. Send both to Life Publishing Co., 398 Madison Ave., New York City.

Within one week you will receive the first installment on your prize. (This offer for United States and Canada only)



# When the table talk turns to cigarettes —

the men smile quietly and say: "To smoke Camels is to know the real pleasure of smoking."

The preference of experienced smokers has made Camels by far the most popular cigarette in the United States.



# Camel

CIGARETTES

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.